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CHRIST'S METHOD OF GIVING LIGHT.*

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"Therefore said they unto him, How were thine eyes opened?" John ix. 10.

In the year 1890 I was in the Telegu town of Ongole, India, on a tour of visitation of our mission fields. To my great surprise I was visited one evening by a company of Brahmin gentlemen—intelligent men, many of them Government officers; these men with English education, speaking our language with classic elegance, were ready to talk with a servant of Jesus Christ from America! They wanted to bear testimony to their appreciation of our missionaries, personally, and to ask special favors in the way of enlargement of our High school.

The evening passed delightfully, but what was my surprise, at the close of that interview, to be asked by one of the leaders of this company of intelligent Hindoos to preach to them and their friends on the following Sabbath. After I had accepted this invitation, then came to me the query: "How shall I deal with this type of mind? Here are men with a greater or less degree of candor; men just emerging out of the old darkness of the Hindooism of the past, and asking what a Christian from the West, where Christianity has so long prevailed, can furnish them that is better than what they have now. Moreover these men are keen in argument, and well educated." I began to inquire of God and His Word for my message; and I was somehow irresistibly driven to this very ninth chapter of John. I thought, "Here is

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the thing to speak of—Christ's way of giving inward light to men who all their lives have been given over to speculation in darkness."

Here we have a double miracle affecting the matter of vision. Christ healed this man of physical blindness. He was born blind, had never seen the light of day, nor the beauties of the world about him; but more than that, and much more striking to my thought, Christ gave him inward spiritual light concerning Himself. Step by step in the course of that day, this man became *spiritually illumined*, so that before the sun had set he stood forth as the very oracle of God, and spoke in such marvelous wisdom words full of divine inspiration, that the proud Pharisees resented a teaching of so surpassing authority, and exclaimed, "Thou wast altogether born in sin, and dost thou teach us?" Teach them? indeed he did; teach them as never before they had been taught; and he has been teaching the church of God ever since.

This then is the great miracle, that Jesus Christ could take a poor blind beggar, one of those objects upon whom the Saviour was ever wont to come in His earthly life; and between morning and sunset of that day could so illume and exalt him in teaching power as to astonish the members of the proud Sanhedrim themselves. Christ here in this incident affords us His method whereby any soul, no matter how dark his condition, may come right up out of the darkness into the dawn of divine day.

These Hindoos are very fond of speculation and argument; but the more you argue with the Hindoo, the more you awaken his intellectual pride, and so the more completely you bar the way to the entrance of light. It may be requisite to have the ability to argue on occasions; but thanks be unto God! when the gospel is truly and wisely preached, when Christ's method is afforded to man, He sends us forth with something better than argument, and that is testimony, witness—that divine something that is put into our human hearts, and upon our human lips, and into our human eyes, that shines in its own celestial light. I knew the vainest thing I could do with these

Brahmins now was to talk in a way speculative and argumentative. Supposing I had taken up the doctrines as such, divine as they are, and spoken learnedly in dogmatic or theological phrases, aiming mainly at convincing the mere understanding: would not these men have sharpened their wits to have parried every point I made, whether I took up the Trinity, the incarnation, atonement or resurrection? Would not they say, "We also have incarnations by the ten thousand, and sacrifices many"? They would have begun to argue and cavil, and resist with all their intellectual acumen. I said, "The method of Christ is the better one, that is, the experimental method which every inquirer, every seeker for light may take and use for himself, and as he does it, applying his own test, he will find his own demonstration respecting Christ and who He is." On the night previous, these Brahmins had said, "Sir, we do believe in Jesus Christ, in a sense." Said they, "Christ is a teacher; He is a prophet; but there are other teachers, other prophets, and they are all Asiatics. There is Confucius, and Mahomet, and Buddha." They went on naming philosopher after philosopher, and reformer after reformer, in their own historic annals, saying, "These are all teachers, but how shall we know that Jesus is more than these?" That was the question; that is the question always. "Well," I said, "gentlemen, if Jesus Christ has not a method characteristic of Christianity and of Christianity only, whereby He will convince you, or any other honest inquirer, that He is more than Confucius, more than Buddha, more than Mahomet, you need not accept Him; but Christ has given a method whereby we may certainly *know* that He is more. Christ said virtually: 'If any man, under any state of mind, or set of circumstances in the wide world; if any man willeth to do His will, he shall know, not guess at it, not have a mere opinion about it, but he shall *know of the doctrine*, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.'"

How utterly unpromising were the conditions under which Christ wrought in the case before us! On the morning of that day this man scarcely knew the name of Jesus. He knew noth-

ing whatever about our ordinary theological distinctions, whether "orthodox" or "heterodox." He could not have answered a single question respecting the mysterious personality of Jesus Christ, respecting the atonement as a doctrine, or the marvelous, the subtle operation of the Holy Ghost in regeneration or sanctification; he could not have talked coherently about the resurrection, that glorious climax of doctrines of Christian revelation, as a dogma; and yet that blind, ignorant beggar, before sundown of that day, was filled with celestial light. Now, there were some principles on which this great eye-opening process was wrought, and it is these I want to bring out as we proceed.

The first one is this: This subject of Christ's grace was *humble* enough to let Jesus *treat* him; humble enough to let Jesus Christ take hold of his case in His own unexplained way. You remember the first thing the Saviour did when He took hold of this man. He made a plaster of the spittle and the clay, and then smeared it on the sightless eyeballs of the wondering man. Now, if this man had been full of pride he would have resented such treatment, likely as not. He would have said to Jesus: "Do you propose, sir, to add insult to injury, by covering my eyeballs, that already, God knows, are sightless enough, with a plaster of the mud or clay of the earth?" I am afraid if he had been made up as some of us are, full of our own pride and good opinion of ourselves, he would have resented the entire transaction, and gone on in darkness to his dying day. But not so this man. He seemed to be willing that Jesus Christ should just have His way with him; do as He pleased with him; put him in subjection temporarily to His own authority, and hence his humility welcomed any method which the mysterious stranger might apply. I don't know how it was that this man was so teachable, so tractable. It is quite unlike the ordinary run of humankind. You suggest to a soul who is speculating regarding some intellectual difficulty, that he take some simple evangelical remedy that Jesus Christ has laid down in the New Testament, and he will say: "What do you take me to be? Do you want me to conform to the method the Lord

Jesus Christ used with some poor despicable object? do you want me to take the place of ordinary inquirers among children, possibly rise up or occupy the front seat in some revival meeting, and be thus singled out from the rest of the world, indicating that I am in a peculiar state of mind? and do you expect me to allow my self-regard to surrender itself so easily, and come into such humiliating relationship to all that are about me?" Well, dear friend, we would say to all such, so long as you stand up in your haughtiness of mind, your pride and conceit of character, and refuse to let Jesus Christ do as He pleases with you—so long as you do that don't expect inward light from Christ.

I am speaking this morning about *inward illumination*, not about general light. I am not talking this morning about that intellectual enlightenment which we may describe by the term "information." Oh, how many there are who are ready to welcome any amount of intellectual, scholarly, even critical light! They are ready to gather and read any number of treatises on the evidences of Christianity, on the history of Christianity, on the arguments for and against Christianity, anything that flatters pride of intellect; as scholars they will sit down and read volumes, and pile the library shelves to the ceiling with yet other informing works. But a man may read all the books ever written, ever printed and circulated, and still be an utter agnostic so far as his inward state is concerned. Said a bright Japanese to me in Kobe, Japan: "Oh, sir, I hope to be a Christian one of these days, when I shall have had time to read enough on the subject, and had time to compare Christianity with other systems." "But," I said, "my dear fellow, do you know you could become a Christian before noon to-day without any library at all, if you would allow Jesus Christ, with the amount of intelligence you now have, to take you in hand?" He wanted to flatter that intellect of his. He wanted to lay a philosophical basis for all he was to receive, and do it in advance of Jesus Christ's treatment of him. I am happy to say that the very next day that same young man changed his attitude and became a Christian without

any further reading of anything. Jesus Christ took this poor blind beggar as he was, and treated him in His own sovereign way. It looked very mysterious and unmeaning, without any rational basis that he could discover, or that we can discover.

I asked an acquaintance, a French professor, a friend of mine, a man of a good deal of spiritual insight: "Professor, what is your thought about it? Why do you suppose Jesus Christ anointed the eyes of that man with *clay?*" "Oh," said my friend, "I don't know, sir, unless it made him a little more willing to *go and wash.*" Well, now, may not that be a chief reason? There is much in it. You know our Lord often puts us into a position by His providence wherein, because of our new straits, or discomfort, or embarrassment, we become willing to take some other needful step; and if it were not for that trial, or sorrow, or humiliation, we never would advance a step. Of these providences, often so dark, trying and troublous, how often we say, "Oh, if God had not sent that upon me!" But that very event is the one condition indispensable, on which the Lord leads us to take some further step. And so Jesus has a philosophy deeper than all metaphysics; Jesus has a method unique, divinely wise. When once you know what His will is in His treatment of you, submit to it for His own dear sake, on trust purely, and it won't be long before He will show you the blessedness of thus submitting to his humbling touch. This man allowed Jesus Christ to treat him. Do you do this.

In the next place, he who would come into the light which Christ gives must be *obedient* enough to *act on His word*, when he is sure *some definite word or written Scripture* applies to him. Real faith will ultimately *act* outwardly upon the word of Jesus Christ. I said to these Brahmins: "You say that Jesus Christ is a teacher whom you revere; how much do you revere Him? Do you have enough regard for His word of instruction to act upon that word, to *risk something* upon that action? That is the way to find out how real a prophet Jesus is. You may act forever upon the precepts of Confucius and never know God; you may act tirelessly upon the teachings of Buddha, or Mahomet, and

never experience anything divine; but the soul does not live that sincerely and willingly will act upon the word of Jesus, that will not surely, often instantly, get a blessing from it." "If any man will *do His will*, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." Here is the way whereby a soul may test Christ for himself. Do you believe that Jesus Christ is a prophet? Then take His direction, submit to His instruction; then give reality to His word by risking your life upon such reality. He said to this blind man, after He had put the clay upon his eyes, "Now go to yonder pool of Siloam; go and wash it off." Again that man might have said, "Sir, you have just put that clay on my eyes; why now should I go to the pool and remove it? Why did you put it on?" Jesus had some reason for putting it on, and for having it washed off also; a deep, divine reason that human philosophy could not understand. "Go to that pool of Siloam." The very meaning of the name of the "Siloam" pool is "sent;" it was an emblem of Jesus, the Eternal Spring of life, that flows right out from beneath the throne of God. Jesus was "the Sent" of God. And now He says: "If you would be my disciple you must also be willing *to be sent by me;* just as my Father sent me, let me send you. You act on my word! Go yonder and wash." The surprising thing is, the man did not hesitate, as we do, one moment. He instantly started clambering down the vale. He bravely sets off, the sent of Christ. He reasons, "That sympathetic teacher says, 'Go and wash this clay from your eyes,'" and there he goes. He gropes his way down until he comes down to the very full deep reservoir. He dips his palm down deep into the liquid blue and washes away the clay, when lo, as he turns and lifts his cleansed face heavenward there is a prospect never before realized! There are the strange blue heavens, the walls of the holy city, the temple, oh, how splendid! the valley of the Kidron, the Mount of Olives, and moving companions all about him. "What a change His word can make!" We are reminded of the expression concerning the lepers, of whom it is said, "As they went"—acting on the word of Jesus—"they were healed." It is always so; as one acts his faith and

allows himself to become the messenger of Christ, carrying out Christ's will, behold, in the very transaction, the divine light breaks!

Some years ago, during a pastorate that I held in a Western city, there came one evening to my inquiry meeting a bright young German, but oh, in what a forlorn state, religiously! He said to me: "Sir, I have not been in a church for five years; and as for the Bible, I have ceased reading it long ago. My father was a member and minister of the Established church in Prussia. The time came when I broke from it and threw it all overboard, and came off to this country, a wanderer, almost a waif; and I have drifted in my religious thinking so far that I am frightened." I said: "That is a good sign; when a man is alarmed at his own thinking, there is some hope for him in the gospel. And now," I said, "you have come here for what?" "Well," said he, "I thought you might give me some clue or other. I don't want to go any further in the direction in which I have been going." I replied, "Well, my dear fellow, you need not tell me anything more about what you *don't* believe. Will you now be kind enough to tell me some one thing which, after all, you *do believe?*" He thought a moment and answered, "Well, I believe in God yet." I queried, "Do you? do you really?" "Oh, yes," he said, "I believe in God; I will never give that up." I replied, "That is a good deal, if you really do; but do you actually?" He answered, "I do; I will not take that back." "Very well, so far, so good. Now," I continued, "*how much* do you believe in Him?" "Why," he said, "I told you I believed in Him." I said, "Do you believe in your God *enough to act on your belief?*" "Why," said he, "a man ought to." I answered, "Certainly, or he isn't candid; he isn't honest, if he won't act on his belief." "But," said my friend, "what of all this?" I proceeded to say: "Jesus Christ assures us if any man will do His will—act on the amount of light he has—he shall have more. I am going to call on you here and now to act on your belief." "Well," he said, "what do you want of me?" I said, "I want you to do the very simplest thing I can think of

in the way of acting out your belief here and now." He said, "What is it?" I said, "I want you to speak to God; to talk with Him in my presence." "What!" said he, "do you want me to pray? I can't make a prayer." "Well," I said, "don't call it prayer if that frightens you. I want you to talk to God in your own way, as you talk to me, and thus prove the reality of your faith in God. I do not ask you to pray. God does not ask you to make my prayer, or anybody's else. You couldn't do so if you tried. Do your own praying. Have your own notion of God. You cannot have my thought of God, anyway. No two men require to have the same amount of light, or the same opinions concerning God; but what every man is required to do is to act upon the conviction he does have; is to risk himself on the truth he does avow; is to treat the measure of truth he clings to as if it were actual and not a pretence." "Well," said he, "with that explanation of it, I guess I could begin." I said, "Let us kneel down here." We knelt. I prayed, and when I had finished, after a struggle, some chokings and a gasp, very like that of death, at length he broke forth, "O my God, my God!" and he went on step by step until he poured out a torrent of confession of his treatment of God, of his own father's early instruction away yonder in Germany, of the way in which he had treated the Bible, and the Holy Spirit, and Jesus Christ, and Christian friendships; until suddenly, springing to his feet, he exclaimed: "O sir, I feel wonderfully changed. Could you lend me a Bible? I will buy a Bible before to-morrow night. I want to read the Bible." He was soon supplied. The man was converted before he knew it, through simply acting on the light he had, and there came into his soul, not further intellectual information about the Christian system, which he could not have digested if I had given it to him; but there came into his soul that startling miracle of light which always comes to the inward man when he acts upon his faith, however little the measure of his light may be.

You want to know who and what Christ is, as did my Brahmin friends? Then act upon some single word of Jesus Christ, and

you will soon know, not because the missionaries or theological authority tell you; but because the Holy Ghost Himself comes within you, and becomes the Revealer, such a Revealer as Bunyan's pilgrim found at Interpreter's house. No matter what you don't believe, fix your mind on *what you do believe*, and then *risk* yourself on it. Go to Siloam and wash. Before you get there, likely as not, the light will come.

The third principle: This man had to be *honest enough to testify to all the light he had* as it came and grew upon him. Isn't it remarkable what a progress there was in this man's growth? At first, when the neighbors asked, "Who opened thine eyes," he replied, "Oh, the *man* that is *called Jesus*." That is all he knew about Him. A little later, when the Pharisees began to press him and say, "This man has broken the Sabbath. What do you say about this man that opened your eyes?" "Well," he said, "He is a *prophet*." Then they said: "Well, God spake to Moses. He is a prophet. But as for this fellow, Jesus, we don't know where He comes from, whether from above or from beneath." Then said the man: "This is a marvelous thing that you don't know whence He comes; and yet He hath opened mine eyes. You haven't logic and good sense enough to tell whether Jesus of Nazareth has come from above or from beneath, when He has power to open mine eyes! I tell you if this man were not *of God* (or *from God*), sent forth from His presence chamber with divine authority, the real *Anointed One*, He could do nothing. This man is preëminently *from God*." Do you see how his faith is growing? At first he says: "The man called Jesus. But He is more than that, He is prophet plus; aye, *more* than prophet, He is sent forth from God's own presence." The light shines as the man walks in it. A little later, Jesus found him cast out of the synagogue, because the moment he confessed that Jesus Christ was sent of God they thrust him out of the synagogue, these proud Sanhedrists, because they had agreed among themselves that if any man should confess Jesus to be the Messiah, the Anointed and Sent One, he should be cast out of the synagogue; so out they hurried him,

and there he stood alone in the environs of the Holy Place, I don't know just where, all alone. He confessed that Jesus was a prophet, the Sent from God, and hence the Messiah, the promised Hope of all the ages; and there he stood alone, suffering for his new profession of faith. What now happened? Two things, that under similar conditions *always happen*. "Happen," indeed? Nay, they are preordained. First, Jesus *heard* it. Who told Him? They could not find Jesus a little before, but now instantly, as a needle turns to the pole, Jesus perceives within His own personality that there is a suffering disciple yonder, and He makes His way instantly to him. He "*finds*" him. He always does, He always will; and will find that soul quickest that feels itself most absolutely alone. Take your stand *on the remnant of light you now have*—the very minimum; take it fearlessly, though they cast you out of the social synagogue; though they disinherit you from your own father's estate and house. *Dare to become an outcast* for Jesus' sake, for the truth's sake. Ah, here is where the shoe pinched my Brahmin hearer. If he confesses Christ they will burn him in effigy in his native village, or take his wife from him and separate them, as they think, to eternity; they will ostracise him absolutely and completely. But I said: "My hearers, remember that when this poor blind man found himself an *outcast*, then it was, in that supreme moment, that Jesus heard not his cry, but his condition; He *found* him; He stood right before him and said, 'Dost thou believe on the Son of God?'" Now, mark you, this was the first time that Jesus Christ had put a question so theological. The man was not ready for it before, but now as an adept in Christ's school he is. The man replied: "The Son of God? Who is He, sir, *that I may* believe on Him? I am *disposed* to believe anything more of this man called Jesus, this prophet, this Anointed of God. Art thou the Blessed One who did give me sight? Who is this Son of God that I *may* believe on Him? I will believe on Him the moment there is a further ray of light that will come to my already illumined soul."

Now, hear Jesus: "Thou hast both seen Him—the Son of

God—and it is He that talketh with thee. I am He. You haven't to wait a moment, nor live another hour, before you find out who Jesus Christ is."

You know the sequel. Then said the man, now completely illumined, the Lord and Saviour found at last, "Lord, I believe," and he worshiped Him. Thank heaven! he is orthodox at last! This is the royal road to orthodoxy, the experimental road, more direct than the speculative, philosophical road. It may take you a lifetime to find the guidepost to the philosophical road, if you wait for that; but come to Jesus *as you are*—I was about to say, "Come *to-day*." I dare not say that, nor *this hour*, even; but come *now*, just as you sit in the pew; with just the degree of light you have this morning—step out on that, not waiting to get to your own room, even, or out under the trees, where some of you will find a closet in the days of this earnest week before you; but right here, in this church, this morning. You are summoned to be not indeed an outcast, except from all lower things, but you are invited into the closest fellowship with immortals in earth and heaven, even with those who have tasted the reality of what Jesus Christ is. But someone yet says, "But I cannot accept all that these advanced Christians in Northfield accept." Well, then, accept your own standard, but really do it.

Some years ago, in the far Northwest, there was a brother minister of mine, dearly beloved, and a most tactful man. One day, calling on a lady in his parish, her husband came in. He was not a professor of Christianity, and saluting the pastor, he said: "Sir, we are very glad to see you in our home. My wife is a member of your church; I am not. Indeed, there are many things in your religion I could not possibly accept. But, sir, I believe more than some people suppose." "What, for example, do you believe," said the tactful pastor, "more than people suppose?" "Oh," he said, "I believe that Jesus Christ is *the teacher*, the *greatest* teacher the world ever saw." "Do you believe that?" said the pastor. "I do." "Well, then," continued the pastor, "would you mind coming to our prayer meeting next Wednes-

day night, and saying that much?" "What!" said he. "Think of me coming to a prayer meeting and doing that! Would you make me a hypocrite?" Replied the pastor: "Didn't you speak as an honest man when you just said you believe more than people suppose, even that Jesus Christ is *the* teacher of all the teachers? If you were an honest man when you said that, where would be the hypocrisy in saying in public and among your neighbors what you have said to your wife and to me?" "Well," said the man, "that is a new way of putting it; I will think about it." And sure enough, he did so think as that at the next prayer meeting that man came to the meeting, and soon after it was fairly opened, he rose and repeated the conversation which the skillful pastor had had with him the week previous. He went on like this: "My friends and neighbors, I was telling the pastor that I had more faith than many people suppose, and in thinking it over this week, I find I believe a great deal more than I myself supposed. I said I accepted Jesus Christ as *the* teacher of the ages. I accept Him to-day as my Teacher. On the whole," said he, "I believe He is my Lord and my Saviour." The man was practically *converted on his feet*, while testifying to the light he had, and he went out of that prayer meeting the most surprised of men. That is Christ's method. Why didn't this man sit down in a great library, or in some lecture hall with a lot of philosophical teachers, and speculate for ten or twenty years more, until his heart was hardened, and his conscience seared, and the light he already had turned to darkness? He took Christ's wiser, straighter, short-cut method to the realization of who Christ is, and he knew it. He didn't guess about it. He was *en rapport* with John in his first epistle, wherein he says thirty times over, "We know; we know; we know."

The final principle I name, on which this man acted in Christ's method, was this: He *dared to stand alone*. It takes some bravery to be a disciple of Jesus; and you know, beloved friends, that is where we break down chiefly. Oh, we are such moral cowards. "Conscience does make cowards of us all;" but more

than that, other people that have no conscience make cowards of us. The world makes us cowards. Our family relatives make us cowards. Our college class mates make us such. We have here and there, alas! sometimes, among our college teachers, an agnostic and a skeptic—oh, what a mongrel combination!—one attempting to teach, in a modern college in Christendom, some great department of natural science which should be chiefly the rehearsing of God's thoughts after Him. Such a sneering professor, especially with some students, is most potent in weakening the moral sense. This blind man, no matter how poor he was, no matter how ignorant he was, wasn't a coward. He dared to stand alone. Alone! Absolutely alone! Why, they turned at a certain stage to the father and mother, and said, "Is this your son?" "Yes." "Was he born blind?" "He was." "How is it that he now sees?" "Oh, we don't know; he is of age; ask him." "This they said, because they feared the Jews." They were pusillanimous. They were contemptible in their own eyes, and in the eyes of all history ever since. They forsook their own child, the very last thing a mother will do. Why, I have heard of a mother who followed her son through crime, imprisonment, and the gibbet, and when he was buried in a potter's field, she said, "Let me be buried beside him." But on this occasion this Jewish mother, sustained by that Jewish father, either of them unfit to bear the title of father or mother, left the poor inquirer after Christ whose eyes had been opened by His touch, whose very inward soul had been illumined till he had the light that was more than seraphic in him, forsook him that was bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, and said: "He is of age; let him speak for himself. Cast him out of the synagogue! treat him as the offscouring of the earth, if you will." But the son bravely responded, "I will stand it all, I ignore it all." He reached out, he knew not where, till Jesus came and found him. He knew the meaning of the Psalmist's words, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

And so to my Brahmin hearers I said again: "Dear friends,

you are afraid of being thrust out of your caste; but that only means opportunity to stand alone, for to be *cast out* with Christ is to be *cast in* with God. You are afraid of father and mother, of brothers and sisters, of townsmen, and the so-called caste system of all India. So long then as you fear those things more than you honor Jesus Christ you can never know Heaven's supreme light in your soul. But the moment you are ready to accept God's ultimatum, submit to that you dread most, that moment you will know who Jesus Christ is. When you are ready to stand alone, alone, alone, as Jacob did that night at the Jabbok, alone, a-l-o-n-e, alone, as you came into this world, alone, and as you must go out of this world and enter into your eternity, then heaven's light will break in your soul." So, dear young sisters, when you are ready to stand singly in the measure of light you have, you will no longer be agnostic; you won't need any man's opinion about who Christ is, nor any philosopher to to convince you that it is rational to be a Christian, but your own womanly, Christ-taught intuition will make it "daybreak everywhere."

Well, how did this line of application work? I have been talking about my Brahmin friends in Ongole, India. It was a new experiment with me. However, I was simply trying to tell them how it was that Christ had brought the deepest, purest, most glorious light to me; what Christ's method of enlightenment, as laid down in revelation, always has been and always will be.

I had scarcely thought of the result, and yet, next morning, an officer of the town, Mr. R——, came to our missionary's bungalow for a private interview, saying: "My dear sir, I thought I must see you this morning, almost before breakfast. I didn't sleep a wink last night." I asked, "What is the matter, my dear fellow?" "Oh," said he, "that revelation of human nature which the ninth chapter of John affords! I never saw it before, sir, on that fashion. Is it true, sir? Oh, is it true? Must I break my caste in order to know down deep in the soul who Christ is?" "Well," I said, "my brother man, that man in the Gospel had to *break his caste*, had to go out of the synagogue alone; and you,

to have Christ's deepest light, must dare to stand as he did." "Oh, then," said he, "pray for me." And down we went upon our knees, and I poured out my heart and he poured out his, and to my dying day I shall never forget the scalding tears that rolled down the cheeks of that intelligent old Hindoo. Oh, how he plead that Christ would not let him die in his sins, and would give him faith, would give him grace, even if they cast him out and took from him the wife of his bosom; that he might have courage yet to take that stand. And an hour afterwards there came another of those Hindoos, leading teachers in a school of the town. He said: "O my dear sir, I had to see you also. Now, tell me, oh, tell me. I think I know something of what you were talking about last night, but how can I know it better?" Then he began to hedge, and to tremble, and to draw back, and to say, "Sir, must I be baptized?" "Well," I said, "you must take Jesus Christ's directions, in the best light you can get, no matter about all things concerning which you are in suspense, and then follow to the utmost, no matter where they lead you. You must act on that word of Christ, as you see that word, if you want His light. And when you want added light you must take further steps. And if your path would shine more and more to the perfect day you must keep walking in that divine road." But I did thank God in my heart of hearts for the testimony that even proud Brahmins were compelled to give when once put upon Christ's experimental method; the method any one can test for one's self and find out; not because others have said so and so, but because the Holy Ghost authenticates the method of Jesus as often as it is applied.